NEW

Christmas CARROLS:

BEING

Fit also to be Sung at *Easter*, *Whitsontide*, and other Festival Days in the Year.

Newly Reprinted.

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NEW

Christmas CARROLS.

A Carrol for Christmas-day in the morning.
To the Tune of, Dulcina.

GOds dear Son without beginning,
whom the wicked Jews did scorn,
The only wise without all sinning,
on this blessed day was born:
to save us all,
from sin and thrall,
When we in Satans Chains were bound;
and shed his blood,
to do us good,
With many a purple bleeding wound.

Remember then this blessed morning,
sweet Salvation came unto us,

When Christ with great adorning,
gently sought with love to woo us;
Then Mankind should
Be of Gods Fold,
And feed like Lambs on Sions Hill;
Be not unkind,
But bear in mind,
How Christ did thee remember still.

At Bethelem King Davids City,
Maries Babe and sweet Creation,
God and Man indu'd with pitty,
and a Saviour of each Nation:
Yet Jury Land,
With cruel hand,
Both first and last his power envy'd;
Where he was born,
They did him scorn,
And shew'd him malice when he dy'd.

No Pallace for our Saviour,
in judea could be found,
Yet Maries meek behaviour,
patiently upon the ground
Her Babe did place,
In vile disgrace,
Where Oxen in their Stall did feed,
No Midwife mild,

Had

Had this sweet Child,
Nor Womans help at Mothers need.

No Kingly Robes nor golden Treasure,
at the Birth-day of Gods Son,
No pompal Trains at all took pleasure,
unto this King of Kings to run:
No Mantle brave,
Can Jesus have,
Upon his Cradle here to lye,
No Mullck charms,
In Maries arms,
To sing the Babe a Lullaby.

Yet as Mary sat in solace,
by her Saviours first beginning,
Hosts of Angels from Gods Pallace,
sounded sweet from Heaven singing:
Yea, Heaven and Earth,
For Jesus birth,
With sweet melodious tunes abound,
And every thing,
For juries King,
Upon the earth gave cheerful sound.

Heaven perceiving small befriending,
of this promis'd Prince of might,
From the Christial Skies descending,
blazed glorious beams of Light:

a Glorious Star,
did shine from far,
That all the world might see the same;
and Nations strange,
their Faith did change,

To yield him honour, laud and fame.
Then with Angels love inspired,
the wise Princes from the East,
To Bethlehem as they desired
came, whereas the Lord did rest;
and there they laid,
before the Maid,
And to her Son, her God and King;
their Offerings sweet,
as was most meet,
Unto so great a power to bring.

Now to him that us redeemed,
by his precious death and passion,
And us Sinners so esteemed,
to buy dearly, thus Salvation:
yield lasting Fame,
that still the Name
Of Jesus may be honoured here;
and let us say,
that Christmas-day,
As still the best day in the year.

Ano-

Another Carrol for Christmas-day. To the Tune of, Why weep ye, &c.

REjoyce and be merry,
let sorrow asside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour,
was born at this tide:
In Bethlehems City,
in Jury it was,
For *Joseph* and *Mary*
together did pass:
And therefore be merry,
set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour,
was born at this Tide.

There for to be taxed,
with many one mo,
For Cæsar commanded
the same to be so,
And, &c.

And when they were entred
the City so fair,
People from all parts,
to be taxed were there:
And, &c.

Then Ioseph and Mary,
whose substance was small,
Could not have in the Inn
no Lodging at all:
And, &c.

Unless in the Stable,
they would abide,
They might have no other,
even at that tide:
And, &c,

Their Lodging so simple,
they took in no scorn,
And before the next morning,
our Saviour was born;
And, &c.

When Mary had swadled
her young Son so sweet,
Even in the Ox-Manger,
she laid him to sleep:
And, &c.

The King of all Glory
to the world being brought,
Small store of fine Cloathing,
was there to be sought:
And, &c.

Then

Then God sent an Angel
from Heaven so high,
To certain poor Shepherds,
in fields that did lye:
And, &c.

And bid them no longer,
in sorrow to stay.
Because that their Saviour
was born on that day;
And, &c.

And presently after
these shepherds did spy,
A number of Angels,
appear in the Sky;
And, &c.

Which joyfully talked,
and sweetly did sing,
To God be all Glory,
our Heavenly King;
And, &c.

And certain wise Princes,
thought it not unmeet,
To lay their rich Offerings,
at our Saviours feet;
Then, &c.

Another for Chriſtmas-day at Night. To the Tune of, Green Sleeves.

My Maſter and Dame I well perceive,
are purpos'd to be merry to night,
And willingly hath given me leave
to Combat with a Chriſtmas Knight:
Sir Pig I ſee comes prancing in,
and bids me draw if that I dare,
I care not for his Valour a pin,
for lack of him will have a ſhare:
My Lady Goose among the reſt,
upon the Table takes her place,
And piping hot bids do my beſt,
and bravely looks me in the face:
For Pigs and Geese are gallant cheer,
God bleſs my Maſter and Dame therefore,
I truſt before the next New year,
to eat my part of half a ſcore.
I likewiſe ſee good minced Pye,
here ſtanding ſwaggering on the Table,
The lofty Walls ſo large and high,
I'le level down if I be able.
For they be furniſht with good Plums,
and Spiced well with Pepper and Salt,
Every Plume as big as both my thumbs,
to drive down bravely the juice of Malt.

Fill

Fill me some of your Christmas Beer,
your Pepper lets my mouth on heat,
And lack's a dry with your good Cheat,
give me some good Ale to my Meat.
And then again my stomach i'le show,
for good Roast Beef here stoutly stands,
I'le make it stoop before i'le go,
or i'le be no man of my hands.
And for the plenty of this house,
God keep it thus well stor'd alway,
Come Butler fill me a good Carouse,
and so we'l end our Christmas-day.

A Carrol for St. Stephens day.

To the Tune of, Where is my true Love.

IN friendly Love and Unity,
for good St. Stephens sake,
Let us all this blessed day,
to Heaven our Prayers make:
That we with him the Cross of Christ,
may freely undertake,
And Jesus will send us his blessing.

Those accursed Infidels,
that stoned him to Death,

Could not by the Cruelties
withhold him from his Faith:
In such a Godly Martyrdom,
seek we all the Path:
And, &c.

And whilst we sit here banquetting,
of Dainties having store,
Let us not forgetful be,
to cherish up the poor:
And give what is convenient,
to poor at the door;
And, &c.

For God hath made you Stewards here,
upon the Earth to dwell,
He that gathereth for himself,
and will not use it well;
Lives far worse then Dives did,
that burneth now in Hell:
Lord Jesus, &c.

And now in Love and Charity,
see you your Table spread,
That I may taste of your good cheer,
your Christmas Ale and Bread;
Then may I say, that I sull well,
for this my Carrol sped,
&c.

For

For bounty is a blessed gift,
the Lord above it sends,
And he that keeps it in his hand,
deserveth many friends:
I see it on my Masters board,
and so my Carrol ends:
Lord Jesus send you a blessing.

A Carrol for St. John's day.

To the Tune of, Oh no, oh no, not yet.

When bloody Herod reigned King,
within Judea Land,
Much woes his cruel will did bring,
by bloody fierce command:
Amongst the rest, with grief oppress,
was good St. John there slain,
Which on this day, in sport and play,
a Martyr'd death did gain,
King Herod being in his Tower,
Herodias dancing spy'd,
As fair as any Summers flower,
in all her painted Pride:
Clad in bright Gold, which to behold,
King Herod's heart admired,
He bid her crave, and she should have,
though she his Crown desired.

A Kingly Crown I do not wish,
but St. Iohn's head (she said)
Wherefore all bleeding in a Dish,
before me be it laid:
Which was the thing, she of the King,
desir'd with right good will,
Whose death was wrought, and to her brought
such minds have Strumpets still.

Thus Wine and Women we do see,
mens minds to folly win,
For Herod did too soon agree,
and gave consent to Sin:
For on this day, as Scriptures say,
St. Iohn did loose his head,
Whilst she did sing before the King,
as he at Table fed.

Then let us all by him take heed,
of Riot and Excess,
For fear that soon to us it breed
as great a Wickedness:
And let our sport, in civil sort,
content each merry mind,
So shall we all, in this good Hall,
much joy and comfort find.

Now kindly for my pitty Song,

good

good Butler draw some beer,
you know what Duties do belong
to him that sings to clear:
Holly and Ivy, drink will drive me,
to the brown bowl of Merry,
Apples and Ale, with a Christmas tale,
will make this Houshold merry.

A Carrol for Innocents day.

To the Tune of, In sad and ashy weeds.

OF Herod's bloody Reign,
(with sad and grievous Soul I speak)
By whom this day were slain,
ten thousand thousand Children weak:
Judeas bounds with Scarlet Wounds,
of sucking Babes late dy'd,
The Earth was spred with Crimson red,
commanded by his Pride.

For unto him was told,
that born there was a greater King,
Whose matchless power should
him into subjection bring:
Wherefore he sent, incontinent,
his armed Bands in rage,

For to destroy each Mothers joy,
being under two years of age.

The Son of God thus sought,
that he with others might be slain,
And his destruction wrought,
as cruel Herod did ordain:
But soon from Heaven, was warning given,
that Mary should not stay,
But with her Child, as one exil'd,
to Ægypt take her way.

Among these dying Souls,
the Kings own Son was present found,
As Fathers wrath controuls,
at unawares they him confound;
With thousands more, of rich and poor,
from Mothers Arms bereft,
So was not one, but Christ alone,
of two years old then left.

Then give God praise therefore,
in modest Mirth and glee,
And still this day adore,
wherein our Saviour was set free:
For *Mary* mild, with her dear child,
in Ægypt found great friends,
Till Herods pride, the Lord destroy'd,
and so my Carrol ends.

The

The Shepherd's Carrol, to be sung on *New-Years-Day*. Tune is, *Huming of the drone*.

THe New-year is begun,
good-morrow my Masters all;
The chearful Rising Sun,
now shining in this Hall:
Brings mirth and joy,
To Man and Boy,
With all that here doth dwell;
Whom Jesus blesse,
With Loves increase,
So all things shall prosper well.

A New-years Gift I bring
unto my Master here,
Which is a welcome thing,
of mirth and merry cheer:
A new-yean'd Lamb,
Come from the Dam,
An hour before day-break,
your noted Ewe,
Doth this bestow,
Good Master for your sake.

And to my Dame so kind,
this New-years gift I bring,

I'le bear an honest mind
unto her whilst I live:
Your white-wool'd Sheep,
I'le safely keep,
From harm of Bush or Briar,
That Garments gay,
For your Array,
May cloath you the next New-year.

And to your Children all,
these New-years gifts I bring,
And though the price be small,
they're fit for Queen or King:
Fair Pippins red,
Kept in my bed,
A Mellowing since last year;
Whose beauty bright,
So clear of sight,
Their hearts will glad and cheer.

And to your Maids and Men,
I bring both Points and Pins,
Come bid me welcome then,
the good new year begins;
And for my Love,
Let me approve,
The friendship of your Maid,
Whose nappy Ale,

So

So good and stale,
Will make my Wits afraid.

I dare not with it deal,
but in a sober dyet:
If I poor Shepherd, steal
a draught to be unquiet
And lose my way,
This New-years day,
As I go to my Fold:
You'l surely think,
My Love of Drink,
This following Year will hold.

Here stands my Bottle and Hook,
good Kitchin-maid draw near,
Thou art an honest Cook,
and canst Brew Ale and Beer:
Thy Office show,
Before I go,
My bottle and bag come fill,
And for thy sake,
I'le merry make,
Upon the next green Hill.

A Carrol for a Wassel-Bowl, to be Sung upon Twelfth-Day at Night. To the Tune of, Gallants come away.

A Jolly Wassel-Bowl,
a Wassel of good Ale,
Well fare the Butlers Soul,
that setteth this to Sale;
Our jolly Wassel.
Good Dame here at your Door,
our Wassel we be begin,
We are all Maidens poor,
we pray now let us in
With our Wassel.
Our Wassel we do fill
with Apples and with Spice,
Then grant us your good will,
to tast here once or twice;
Of our good Wassel.
If any Maidens be
here dwelling in this House,
They kindly will agree,
to take a full Carouse,
Of our Wassel.
But here they let us stand,
all freezing in the Cold,
Good Master give command,

to enter and be bold;
With our Wassel.
Much joy into this Hall,
with us is entred in,
Our Master first of all,
we hope will now begin,
Of our Wassel.
And after his good Wife,
our Spiced Bowl will try,
The Lord prolong your Life,
good Fortune we espy:
For our Wassel.
Some bounty from your hands,
our Wassel to maintain.
We'l buy no House nor Lands,
with that which we do gain,
With our Wassel.
This is our merry Night
of Chooling King and Queen,
Then be it your delight,
that something may be seen,
In our Wassel:
It is a noble part,
to bear a liberal mind,
God bless our Masters heart,
for here we comfort find:
With our Wassel.
And now we must be gone,
to seek out more good cheer. Where

Where bounty will be shown,
as we have found it here;
With our Vassel.
Much joy betide them all,
our prayers shall be still,
We hope and ever shall,
for this your great good will,
To our Vassel.

A general Carrol for any time.
Tune of, Sweet Virgin.

The Babe was born in Bethlehem,
The Babe was born in Bethlehem,
All the world rejoyce and sing,
Sweet Jesus is his name,
Upon Christmas-day in the morning,
Upon, &c.
O then was born our heavenly King,
Good Lord was not this a joyful thing,
Sweet Jesus is his name.
The Babe, &c.
Upon New-years in the morning,
Upon, &c.
O then was circumcised our Heavenly King,
Good Lord was not this a joyful thing,
Sweet Jesus is his name.
The Babe, &c.

Upon

Upon Candlemas-day in the morning,
Upon, &c.
Our blessed Lady kept her Purifying,
Good Lord was not this a joyful thing,
sweet Jesus is his name.
The Babe, &c.
Upon Shrove-Sunday in the morning,
Upon, &c.
The Jews held their Counsel against our Heavenly King,
Good Lord, was not this a sorrowful thing?
sweet Jesus is his name.
The Babe, &c.
Upon Good-Fryday in the morning,
Upon, &c.
The Jews put to death our heavenly King,
Good Lord was not this a woful thing?
sweet Jesus is his name:
The Babe, &c.
O let us rejoyce amain,
O let us rejoyce, &c.
Although that he suffered bitter pain,
Upon the third day he rose again:
sweet Jesus is his name.
The Babe, &c.
Upon Easter-day in the morning,
Upon. &c.
Then arose from death our Heavenly King,
Good Lord was not this a joyful thing?

sweet

sweet *Jesus* is his name.
The Babe, &c.

Then into Heaven ascended he,
Then into, &c.
There to live with God in Glory,
With whom God send us all to be;
sweet *Jesus* is his name:
The Babe was born, &c.

Grace before Meat.

WE give thee thanks with one accord,
For daily food given to us Lord,
Grant we may ever use the same,
Unto the glory of thy Name:
Thy Church, our King, and Realm defend,
God grant we may our lives amend: *Amen.*

Grace after Meat.

OUr bodies being satisfied,
with these thy blessings store,
Grant (Lord) our souls may hunger still,
for grace yet more and more:
From dangers daily us defend,
And grant us comfort in the end.

FINIS.